

THE PICTURE PRESENTED TO THE DISCOVERERS.

—:o:—

By this time it will have been perceived that I am not attempting to write a history of North Carolina. I desire only to glance at a few pictures in the panorama of three hundred years of her existence, and to seize upon some of her most remarkable physical aspects, past and present.

I can imagine no scene in this world more impressive than that which the virgin land of *Caroline* must have presented to Sir Walter Raleigh's adventurous colonists when they first approached its shores in 1584. On the 22d of July, this little company, under the command of Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow, entered Hatteras Inlet. Their anchors were let down into the white sand, they turned their expectant eyes westward, and lo! a strange, unknown world was before them; a long sweep of coast describing endless lines of beauty, indented with gracefully rounded bays and inlets. On the level shores stood the stately cedar, the wide-spreading live-oak, the vast, gigantic cypress, with its feathery foliage, and that most graceful and picturesque of all our southern forest trees, the long-leaf pine, fair rival of the Eastern palm. From branch to branch hung luxuriant festoons of vines, laden with Eschol clusters of fruit. Sylvia was arrayed in the full leaf of her royal summer glory. Rank, green grass covered the glades and savannahs, flecked with the gold and snow and purple of a thousand flowers. Gay creepers and bright-hued parasites, jessamines, many-colored acacias, and blood-red trumpet-flowers, spread forth their gorgeous tintings by the side of the more subdued marvels of the baytree and magnolia. Bordering the bright, smooth waters of the sound, languishing in the